

# COLIN and LUCY.

A

## Fragment.

Dated in the Year 1564, being in or  
about the Sixth Year of the Reign of  
Queen Elizabeth.

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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L O N D O N:

Printed for *W. Owen*, at *Homer's Head*, near *Temple-Bar*: And Sold by all the Bookfellers in *London* and *Westminster*, and *J. Frederick* at *Bath*.

(Price Six-Pence.)

[1755]

## ADVERTISEMENT.

The *MS.* of the following is dated at *East-Shene* in *Surry*, the (then) elegant retreat of the reigning Queen and her royal court.——Who the personages were (concealed under the simple characters of the poem) does not appear; but, as a lady of the noble family of *Hungerford* is recorded to have drowned herself, near about that period, 'tis not unlikely but it gave birth to this most elegant and affecting tale.——And the reader is left to judge, how different the productions of that time would shew (had more of them been, fortunately, preserved) compared to those of the present age.

The EDITOR.

*Richmond,*  
*Feb. 1. 1755.*

# COLIN and LUCY.

## I.

ON the banks of that cryftalline ſtream,  
Where *Thames*, oft his current delays,  
And charms, more than Poets can dream;  
In his *Richmond*'s bright *villa* ſurveyes.

## II.

Fair *Lucy*, of all the gay throng  
The faireſt, that *Britain* has ſeen!  
Now drew ev'ry village along,  
From the day ſhe firſt danc'd on the *green*.

B

III. Ah!

( 4 )

III.

Ah! boast not of beauty's fond pow'r,  
For short is the triumph, ye fair!  
Not fleeter the bloom of each flow'r;  
And hope is but gilded despair.

IV.

His desire each swain, now, behold,  
By Riches endeavours to prove!  
But *Lucy*, still cries, what is gold?  
Or wealth, when compar'd to his love?

V.

No, *Colin*! together we'll wield  
Our sickles, in summer's bright day;  
Together, we'll leaze o'er the field;  
And smile all our labours, away!

VI. In

## VI.

In winter, I'll winnow the wheat,  
 As it falls, from your flail, on the ground :  
 That flail will be music, as sweet,  
 When your Voice, in the labour, is drown'd.

## VII.

How oft, wou'd he speak of his blifs ?  
 How oft, wou'd he call her *his Maid* ?  
 And *Colin* wou'd seal, with a kifs,  
 Ev'ry promise, and vow, which he laid.

## VIII.

But, hark ! o'er the grass-level Land,  
 The village bells found on the plain !  
 False *Colin*, this morn, gave his hand ;  
 And *Lucy's* fond tears are in vain !

IX. Sad

## IX.

Sad *Lucy*, too soon, heard the tale ;

Too soon, the sad cause she was told :

That *his*, was a nymph of the *vale*,

That he broke his fond promise, for gold !

## X.

As she walkt by the margin, so green,

That adorns \* \* \* \* \* side ; †

How oft was she, languishing, seen ?

How oft wou'd she gaze on the tide ?

## XI.

By the clear mirror, then, as she fate,

That reflected herself, and the mead ;

A while she bewail'd her sad fate !

And the green turf, still, pillow'd her head.

## XII. There !

† In the original (as near as can be gathered) the line is,  
 “ *That adorns Thames's flow'ry side.*”



XII.

There! there! is it *Lucy* I see? —

'Tis *Lucy* the lost, undone, maid!

Ah! no, 'tis some *Lucy*, like me —

Some hapless, young, virgin betray'd.

XIII.

Like me, she has sorrow'd and wept;

Like me! she has fondly believ'd;

Like me, her true promise she kept,

And, like me too, is justly deceiv'd!

XIV.

I come, dear companion in grief!

Gay scenes, and fond pleasures, adieu!

I come, and we'll gather relief;

From Bosoms, so chaste and so true.

XV. Like

## XV.

Like you! I have mourn'd the long night;  
 And wept out the day, in despair!  
 Like you! I have banish'd delight;  
 And bosom'd a friend, in my care.

## XVI.

Ye Meadows, so lovely†, farewell!  
 Your velvet, still *Colin* shall tread:  
 All deaf to the sound of that *knell*,  
 Which tolls for his *Lucy*, when dead!

## XVII.

Your wish will, too sure, be obey'd!  
 Nor *Colin*, her loss, shall bemoan:  
 Soon, soon shall poor *Lucy* be laid,  
 Where her heart shall be cold as your own.

## XVIII. Then

† Or, *lively*, the second letter not being visible.



XVIII.

Then, clasp'd in the arms of that fair,  
Whose wealth has been *Lucy's* sad fate!  
As, together, you breathe the free air,  
And a thousand dear pleasures relate:

XIX.

If, Chance, o'er my turf as you tread,  
You dare to affect a fond sigh!  
The primrose will shrink its pale head;  
And \* \* \* \* \* die.†

XX.

Scarce Echo had gather'd the sound,  
But she plung'd from her grafs-springing bed;  
The liquid stream parts, to the ground;  
And the mirror clos'd over her head.

XXI. The

† As near as can be discerned, thus:

“ *And the violet languish and die.* ”

XXI.

The swains of the village, at eve,  
Oft meet at the dark-spreading *yew*;  
There, wonder how man cou'd deceive!  
A bosom so chaste and so true.

XXII.

With garlands, of every flow'r,  
Which *Lucy*, herself, shou'd have made!  
They raise up a short-living bow'r,  
And, fighting! cry, *Peace to her shade!*

XXIII.

Then, hand lockt in hand, as they move  
The green-platting *billoc* around;  
They talk of sad *Lucy*, and love!  
And freshen, with tears, the *fair* ground.

XXIV. Nay!

( 11 )

XXIV.

Nay! wish they had never been born,  
Or, liv'd the sad moment to view!  
When a *Colin* cou'd, thus, be forsworn;  
And a *Lucy* cou'd, still, be so true!

*F I N I S.*



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